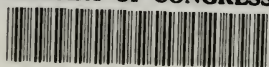


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# A DEATH BLOW

TO THE

## PRINCIPLES OF ABOLITION.

BY A LADY OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

*Lucy Kenney.*

WE find no mention of slaves before the deluge, but immediately after, viz: in the curse of Canaan, Gen. chap. xi. v. 25, whence it is easily inferred, that servitude commenced soon after that time; for in Abraham's days we find it generally established. Some persons are of opinion that it commenced under Nimrod, because it was he who first began to make war, and of consequence to make captives, and to bring such as he took, either in his battles or irruptions, into slavery.

Great part of the Roman wealth consisted in slaves, and they had the power of life and death over them. In recurring to the Holy Bible we find much upon the subject of slavery, and in relation thereto the following extracts are submitted, viz:

*Exodus*, chap. 21, verses 20 and 21. "If a man smite his servant or his maid with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished, notwithstanding if he continue a day or two he shall not be punished, for he is his money."

*Leviticus*, chap. 25., 45 and 46 verses. "And, moreover, of the children of strangers that do sojourn among you shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you which they beget in your land; and they shall be your possession, and ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be bondmen forever."

*Joel the 3d and 8th.* "And I will sell your sons and daughters into the hands of the children of Judah, and they shall sell them to the Sabians, to a people far off, for the Lord hath spoken it."

*Corinthians*, 7 and 23. "Ye are bought with a price, be not ye the servants of men."

*Ephesians*, chap. 6. "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters, according to the flesh with fear and trembling."

*1st Peter*, chap. 2. 18. "Servants, be subject to your masters, with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward."

In compliance with the solicitations of some distinguished gentlemen of the South, who I was introduced to in Washington, Norfolk, Philadelphia, and the White Sulphur Springs, which I visited last summer, convinced of the wicked intentions of those men who compose the principal leaders of the abolitionists, I beg leave to offer to the public my sentiments on this subject. Had those blind leaders of the blind been actuated by love to their fellow creatures, instead of a blind infatuation, ambition and jealousy, that the rising prosperity of the Southern States—had a desire to produce a revolting spirit in the infatuated and misguided slaves, holding out a hope of rescuing them from their long accustomed servitude, which ought to have become a second nature, and whose situation was far more

*Washington*

*1835*

preferable than the wretched poor emigrants which crowd the Northern cities, for scarcely a steamboat lands in New York or Philadelphia but there is from fifty to a hundred of the houseless children of men eager to naturalize themselves, and willingly become bondsmen and women in order to obtain a livelihood. I say if those charitable enthusiasts would have exercised their humanity in behalf of the suffering poor, no doubt that the blessing of God would have crowned their efforts with success, and they would not have added one more link to the chain of those unfortunate blacks, whose situation was far more desirable than the poor people of their own States. Why did they not exercise their philanthropy to the poor which they have seen leaving their native States with their wives and helpless little ones, a small wagon and one horse constituting their whole equipage. But we hear of no sympathy for them; they did not furnish a proper field for their diabolical purposes; they could not expect to aggrandize themselves by having their sympathies excited. Why did not those miserable men, like the great philanthropist Howard, immortalize themselves in visiting prisons or hospitals, which contain sufficient subjects to appal the good man and to exercise his benevolence, instead of engendering a spirit of revolt in the blacks. Putting the subject on the most favorable issue, how impracticable would have been the execution of their diabolical scheme. Were they not conscious of the impossibility of its execution, that restriction which the nature of the case required from the slaveholder towards his slave was, of necessity, put in execution, and almost deprived the slave of a respite from his accustomed labor, and abridged his former privileges. It was as cruel in the Abolitionist as if he had advanced to a prison or a dungeon wall, where one small crevice was left to admit a ray of light to cheer the gloom of its wretched inmate, and leave him in Egyptian darkness. I say they were equally as cruel to hold out a hope to the slave that their freedom was to be obtained by their diabolical suggestions, if the Almighty, who holds the universe in the hollow of his hand as it were, resides over the hearts of his people, the work of his hands, and the sheep of his pasture, should he, in his unerring wisdom, see fit, as in the case of the children of Israel who, after more than five hundred years of cruel bondage, the King of Egypt saw fit to deliver them from their long captivity, by the hands of Moses and Aaron, his chosen servants, and to subdue, by a repetition of miracles, having power given them from above to convince him that the invisible power of the Almighty was visibly against him, to subdue his rebellious heart and bring him to submit to the Divine command, to let the children of Israel go; who commanded the Red Sea to divide and make a way for his chosen to pass through; whose waves he caused to return and overwhelm proud Pharaoh and his host, but brought his chosen people out, led them through the wilderness, gave them manna from heaven to eat, guided them by day with a cloud, and a pillar of fire by night, who caused Moses to smite the stubborn rock from whence issued water to refresh them? who commanded Moses to elevate the brazen serpent in the wilderness, that whosoever being bit by those poisonous reptiles and flying serpents with which the wilderness was infested, by looking to they might be healed? It will require the same hand, if he sees fit in his wise dispensation, he will effect his own purpose, for a thousand years, in his sight, is as it were but one day. And until then let the infatuated and misguided Abolitionists submit their judgment to men who are better judges of the case, acquainted with the scripture, and God's ways of dispensing his power. I have observed in the commencement of the subject, ever since the formation of man from the dust, and the extensive dispersion of mankind through the boundless creation, slavery has been permitted and tolerated, for some wise purpose we are not able to solve, and will continue till time shall be no more; and

we who see him through a glass darkly, will see him face to face, and all those mysterious dispensations which appear inexplicable to us, be made clear and manifest. The Abolitionists will say my arguments are drawn from the Old Testament, that we are not under the law but a debtor to grace; but is not the hand of those that are under the law make us who are under grace? for no sooner had man fallen from his first transgression in the garden of Eden, where he had his place assigned him, then the grace under which we lived was promised; for the Saviour, which Adam had as great an interest in as we have, was represented as a lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Do they suppose that supreme laws of God are to be altered? Every generation that is born are to be governed by a different law and gospel, as their circumstances may require. Let the Abolitionists prove that the scriptures are not of Divine origin, that they make no mention of slavery, or that there did not exist any blacks at that period, that it had reference only to those captives who were taken in making war one with another; that God makes use of one generation as an instrument in his hand to scourge another, and wink at those things in that day; but in this gospel day requires a different course of obedience. I think I can confute their futile and flimsy arguments on that point by adducing several sentences from the New Testament. I will commence in the case of a bond servant, who escaped from the service of a rigorous task-master, who fled to Paul for protection, which he received, not as a fugitive runaway from his master, but he received him as a brother, and retained him until he wrote to his master by him to whom he recommended the runaway, not only to be pardoned, but to receive him kindly as a brother, for his sake—he does not mention him, nor does he think it necessary to designate his cover; it was sufficient to designate him as a servant to his master. If those kind hearts of the Abolitionists were actuated by love and commiseration to their fellow-creatures, either white or colored, rather than from a jealousy of the prosperity of the slave-holding States, why not find exercise for the sympathies in commiserating and ameliorating the condition of their own color, according to the old mark, that charity begins at home—it appears that a man's own color comes nearer in similitude to himself than amalgamating with an opposite, as different as midnight's gloom to brightest day. God has, for wise purposes, made a wide distinction in the external situation of this life, this life being only a prelude to one of endless duration, where distinctions will be at an end but that of the saint and sinner. No sooner had the earth drank the blood of righteous Abel, shed by his murderous brother, than the Divine edict came forth from the Almighty, that he would set a mark on the murderer, and by that mark he should be recognized and not be slain; that he became a fugitive and separated from his father's house, that he departed with his family to the land of Nod, from which a generation, according to the Divine edict, should be born distinct from other nations, as to be of a different color. I have ever been of opinion that the mark set on Cain was of a color covering him from head to foot, and was transmitted to his posterity—and that the land of Nod, where he so sojourned with his family, was that of Africa, where the blacks first originated—and, agreeable to the scriptures, that the sins of the father should visit the children to the third and fourth generation, for what greater sin could have been committed at the commencement of the world than the murder of his brother; the sin was of so great a magnitude that it entailed slavery on all his posterity, which I think the best reason that can be adduced. No doubt they are of the seed of Cain; the word Nod implies that of drowsiness, dullness, supineness, inertness, or want of ability of body, of brightness of intellect, or readiness of comprehension, or an enlargement of the faculties, a want of constant progression towards an improvement. We



must observe what a vast difference there exists between their sensibilities and those of a white man. It might be advanced against those arguments, that God makes the back to bear the burden imposed on it, and, in mercy has denied to them that refinement of mind and susceptibility which would constitute their misery. But could not God, if he had thought proper, place them on an equality? Had he not the power of controlling them as the bit is put into the mouth of a horse by which he is turned about at the will of the rider? Not that I would compare or insinuate that they are to be put on a level; far from it. I think they are fellow-creatures as well as we are, susceptible of pain, and, in the wise dispensation of Providence, we are the disposers of their destiny. I think they should be treated with the greatest humanity, as far as circumstances will admit, to ameliorate their situation, for it is the interest of the master to observe to his slave that kind of love which makes the servitude of principle in the slave to serve and obey his master; not with eye service, but with obedience and willingness to discharge his duty in that state of life which it has pleased God to place him.

Since making the above remarks, I was informed by a gentleman of unquestionable authority of a circumstance which came immediately under his notice: A gentleman from Virginia had travelled as far north as New York, who had taken his man servant with him, who had left a wife and children behind him; after remaining some time, and discharging his accustomed round of duties faithfully, became acquainted with some of these Abolitionists who were of the Quaker persuasion, and had so far insinuated into his credulous mind, and filled his head with the value of freedom obtained by any means, he was induced to inform his master, on his requesting him to prepare to return to Virginia with him, was answered that he did not think proper to accompany him again as a slave or as a hired servant, but should remain where he was. His master finding him in such a state of resistance against his authority, and being well acquainted with the advantage which was often taken by the slave accompanying his master to the northern States, endeavored to bring him over to obedience by making an appeal to his feelings, knowing that force would not avail. In this case he asked him if he could willingly abandon his wife and children, which he well knew was ardently attached to him? After some hesitation, and evidently a conflict with himself, a strife between conjugal love and the newly awakened love of liberty, he answered, he thought he could. His master found that expostulation would be unavailing, thought he might induce him to continue with him by keeping an eye on his clothes, which he had brought into his room. But such a precaution was of no avail, he had to leave without him. The slave put himself under the protection of one of those kind hearted abolitionists of the Quaker persuasion, and found he had to perform a double round of duties every day with his new master, under the pretext that he must remain with him till such a time, which, after the expiration, he might go at large without any fear of being molested. His master had left instructions with his friend to offer five hundred dollars, the worth almost of the slave, for he was determined to recover him, if possible. Some short time after the above sum was advertised, the identical Quaker who had stimulated the slave to resist the authority of his master, and put himself under his protection, under a solemn promise he would defend him, and give him all the advantage of the law, went to the gentleman who had authority to offer the above sum for his apprehension. He introduced himself by asking if he was not the person who had offered five hundred dollars for the apprehension and delivery of a servant of such a description? Having been answered in the affirmative, observed he could deliver the servant on having the sum specified in the advertisement paid over to



him. And moreover, if he would accompany him home he would deliver the servant. The money was paid to him immediately. The gentleman accompanied the Quaker to his house, when, as soon as the servant recognised his master's friend, then he claimed protection, and observed he found the freedom which the Abolitionists offered the slaves who was so credulous as to believe them, was by far more servitude than they were accustomed to with their former masters. He farther observed, the identical Quaker was the man who first inveighed him away from his master, to whom he was perfectly willing to return.

I have often observed, with the most perfect astonishment, during two Sessions of Congress, which I attended every day, to see John Quincy Adams setting on the floor in the House from eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon, his gray bald head whitened with the frost of many winters, advocating a principle in favor of the Abolition question, with such vehemence of words, distortion of features, and working his body as if he was evidently agonizing with Saint Vitus's dance, exposing himself to the ridicule and contempt of his opponents; a man which could not be actuated, at his time of life, by any other motive than avarice, a passion which continues much longer than any other with mankind; a man whose father was the second President of the United States; one who succeeded the immortal Washington in command; one who had filled the same high station himself; who had so far descended, by his vacillating conduct, as to leave him no permanent claim on either party; one who subjects himself to be insulted and made sport of by both sides of the question. Viewing him in the light which he stands before the public, I often think of the remark of Cardinal Woolsey, who, at losing the favour of his King, was brought to the humiliating confession, "Had he but served his God with as much zeal as he had his King, he would not have deserted him in his old days." I am afraid, when Mr. John Quincy Adams comes to die, he will be compelled to make the same heart-rending and humiliating confession, Had he served his God with more sincerity than he had his country, he would not have left him, and thrown him on a vacillating pivot which turns to every propitious wind that will blow him a favorable gale. On a view of the subject I think proper to bring to the view of my patrons the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Society of Pennsylvania, lately convened at Harrisburg. They will judge for themselves of the temper of these men, and the tendency of their opinions and principles.

We shall keep the slaveholding States informed of the events in relation to this mad and mischievous enterprise, leaving them to pursue such a course in their defence as their own judgment may dictate. I concur with those who believe that the incendiary spirit which is abroad can only be met and successfully opposed by a firm and united stand on the part of the slaveholding States. Measures ought to be adopted by them without delay, avoiding all exciting and intemperate appeals; should be distinguished by a calm, deliberate, and decided tone. The northern States ought to be informed, on the highest authority, that the slaveholding States will never submit to their interfering in any way with this subject belonging to them exclusively; and they will admit of no officious foreign mediation for the benefit of those who may not have had an opportunity, by an extract from their own words, that "in christian meekness they intend to maintain the right of exhorting those who uphold an institution so evidently unjust as that of slavery, to examine its operations upon all classes of the community, both individually and collectively; confident that if they do so with unprejudiced minds and sincere motives they will be convinced of its sinfulness; and thus be prepared to commence immediately the great work of freeing themselves and their country from its

paralyzing influence. That having put their hands to the plough of liberty, then gave their sacred pledge never to look back until the noxious weed of slavery shall be exterminated from the American soil—that the sinfulness of slavery lies chiefly in its vital constituent principles, the holding and treating of man as property; and in this respect all slaveholders, the kind as well as the cruel, are alike guilty of a heinous crime in withholding from their fellow men unalienable rights, trampling under foot the image of God, and disregarding the eternal and immutable distinction between a person and a thing; that slavery is a disgrace to a civilized world, and to the age in which we live, an act which our Government cannot sanction, directly or indirectly, without entitling us as a people to an eternity of infamy.”

I now leave my readers to judge for themselves what kind of measures are necessary to be adopted and carried into effect in order to exterminate such principles, so dangerous and wicked in themselves. And if once carried into execution what would be the result? a sacrifice of property, lives, and every thing that is valuable in life.

I was informed by a gentleman of unquestionable authority, who was present at the Tabernacle Church in Broadway, New York, on the first Sunday in May, where there were several hundred people congregated. He informed me that it was their sacramental sabbath; after the sermon, the invitation was given in a general way to all who were in good standing in their own churches, to come forward and partake of the sacred elements of which the Lord's Supper is composed. The minister further observed, he hoped it would be borne in mind, that all who were not in favor of immediate and unconditional emancipation, would not consider themselves included in the invitation; with that the greater part of the congregation withdrew from the table. From such a procedure what may we look for, when such an incendiary spirit has insinuated itself even into the sanctuary of the Lord, and has extended itself so far as to exclude all who are not imbued with the same diabolical spirit, from the sacred altar of the Lord. I could advise all those who are impregnated with the spirit of abolitionism, to freight a vessel with its baneful influence and send her to Liberia, and by this means we shall get clear of one of the most dangerous and absurd principles which are now abroad.

Visiting Philadelphia, which truly may be called the Metropolis of America, boarded at the North American Hotel, on Chestnut street, occupied by Mrs. Yohy and Captain Blackstone, a house too well known to visitors and citizens to need any comment, a house that receives the passengers every day from Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York boat, in addition to an overflowing number of boarders. The house is on the most extraordinary plan, and is superior to any in Philadelphia. She has three beautiful daughters with her, the youngest the wife of Mr. Thames, a merchant on Market street, is surpassingly beautiful and affectionate. I am indebted to her for the principal gratification I received during my stay in Philadelphia. She cheerfully accompanied me to all the distinguished squares in her private carriage. I was gratified on one fine morning, in the month of October, by a visit to Fair Mount, opposite the banks of the beautiful Schuylkill. The reservoir of the water with which the city is supplied, cleanses the streets, and is conducted to a height of several hundred feet from its level, forced to ascend by machinery, and conveyed by many thousand pipes, and affords a constant supply. We then visited the public burying ground; the ground is laid off, one would suppose, to gratify the eye rather than the depository of the dead. The great expense the survivors put themselves to, reflects great credit on them. We were on board the Pennsylvania, the largest and finest ship in the world. I think she is sufficiently large to be a terror to the whole British

Navy. They wont find her timber, copper, or guns, or officers of that kind of metal which would make them yield to his Britannic Majesty's squadron as easy as Fanny Kemble anticipated they would. She is as much deceived in that as she is despised by the Americans. I visited the Lunatic Hospital in Philadelphia, one of the most humane institutions in the world. It affords an asylum for the most wretched part of God's creation; for of all the ills which the human family are subject to that of derangement is the most lamentable. Yet there was much to ameliorate their situation. It was a subject of surprise, as well as sympathy, to observe three lawyers who were, at one time, considered the most eminent in Philadelphia, but at that time convalescent. I thought of the remark of our Saviour in pronouncing sentence on the Scribes, Pharisees, and Lawyers: "for you enter not in yourselves and you hinder others also." I observed a splendid monument erected to the memory of Charles Nicholas, who emigrated to this country, and made an independent fortune in the city of Philadelphia. A short time before he became an inmate in the hospital he had a strong presentiment that he would sooner or later become one; consequently he availed himself of a small ray of reason that had not been prostrate, and bequeathed nine thousand dollars to the hospital—was an inmate for sixteen years, and requested to be interred within its ground. His monument is erected in the centre of the back ground, enclosed with a handsome chain supported by beautiful marble posts. My attention was directed to a small mound scarcely raised above the surface of the ground, and which contained the unfortunate remains of the wife of the rich Girard, without the smallest stone to inform the visiter who was deposited there by the side of so splendid a monument. After expressing surprise that the rich Girard, who had bequeathed so many thousands to be appropriated to different institutions, and erected many superb buildings sufficient to fill some of the largest squares, which were called Girard's squares, should suffer his wife's remains to be deposited in the ground of a lunatic hospital, I was informed she had been an inmate for sixteen years. I inquired if her husband did not visit her in her sad sojourn in this vale of tears. I was informed he did; but he did not come with love in his heart or kindness on his tongue, for she was always much worse after his visits than before. He was not of a disposition to conciliate by his kindness, but of the contrary. The first thing that interested my attention upon entering the hospital over the mantle-piece of a highly finished library, arranged with the best authors, was a portrait representing a beautiful female, half clothed, whose large black eyes once emitted love and intelligence, ready to start from their sockets, and whose features were once beautiful now distorted. I inquired if it represented any wretched inmate of the hospital; I was informed it was a fancy piece. I thought it quite unnecessary to have recourse to fancy when there were so many realities to excite the strongest sympathy. The great humanity with which the invalids that have recourse to the sick department, reflect great credit on the hospital—care is taken to restore them—they are permitted to leave the hospital when they think proper. If the friends of the unfortunate inmates would, with the consent of the faculty, remove their friends on a return of reason, however short the intervals, to some cheerful place, and engage them in a lively manner, so as to detach them from a retrospective view, there would be many miserable beings which now live and die deprived of one of the greatest of blessings, a sound mind and a brilliant understanding. My sympathy was much excited for those practitioners at the bar, who, before their minds had become prostrated, or during the painful process in passing through such a fiery ordeal to unhinge the links of a once well regulated mind, the conflict must be more painful than one of a more ordinary cast.



I felt more for those lawyers. My attention was directed to a beautiful girl of eighteen, that had been immured within its gloomy walls for two years, whose name was Caroline Little; she was the daughter of a widow lady of that city, her father had been a capital merchant. She had, before that fatal passion, love, which, without the aid of reason and experience, which has caused thousands of the credulous to reciprocate with the deceitful and treacherous part of the other sex, who, after sporting with feelings of a fond female has abandoned them to despair—such had been the case of this beautiful and unfortunate girl. Previous to her derangement she was a valuable member of the Methodist church; a serpent, similar to the one which beguiled Eve, under the sacred name of their pastor, insinuated himself into her credulous heart, deserted it as if it were a worthless thing. He did not, like his Divine master whose disciple he professed to be, who would not break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax—but after engaging her affections left her a wreck of her former self, and a fit subject for a lunatic hospital. The punishment inflicted upon him was suspension and a denial of preaching the sacred gospel which he had polluted with his hypocritical lips, and disgraced the cloth he wore. I found her rational, and, no doubt, had been intelligent. I recommended to her to banish, if possible, every painful retrospective, and to obtain some strength of mind, and, if her physicians would permit her, to return to her friends, and, above all, to select some other object to supply and fill the chasm in her heart as the best means of obliterating all painful retrospections. If I had the management of her care she would be restored to reason in a short time. I next went to see West's painting, which he describes with great accuracy, which Christ performed in the temple in healing all manner of diseases. They are portrayed as large as life. I will endeavor to give a description of some of the most interesting. The first object on which I fixed my attention was the Saviour as far as the human imagination can conceive. West had arrayed all those acts of mercy which the scripture describes he performed while on earth. On one hand stands the Saviour, his countenance beaming with benevolence on those who looked to him for relief; his loved disciple John on the right separating him from the high priests, as if the touch of their garments would pollute those in which the Saviour was arrayed, a countenance representing in the blackness of their hearts gnashing him with their teeth. On the left were his disciples, as large as life, executed in such inimitable accuracy they appeared to move as if they had life and being; one scene represented an aged mother laboring under long affliction with the palsy, borne along in the crowd by her affectionate sons, whose sorrowful hearts were evinced by their tears. A little above was a lunatic, whose bald head and distorted countenance, eyes ready to start from their sockets, with him his affectionate and sympathising sisters endeavoring, as far as their feeble strength would permit, to support his body, pointing out to him the Saviour. A sufferer carried on a bed. A blind daughter carried to him by her father, the daughter more beautiful, though blind, than any one I ever saw. A mother with her sick and suffering child in her arms. A woman bowed down to the earth with her infirmity, endeavoring to make her way through the dense crowd, the extraordinary power of delineating that which faith alone could have represented to him, for he had no model but the scriptures. There have been many small representations taken from the original.

I conclude these remarks by giving a description of Harper's Ferry and the White Sulphur Springs. Mr. Jefferson in his remarks on Virginia, observed it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to visit Harper's Ferry.

Sweet scenes of beauty, bold and fair,  
 So pleasing to the sight,  
 Where lofty hills their ramparts rear  
 On nature's loftiest height.

There the fair stream of Potomac glides,  
 With Shenandoah unites ;  
 They both combine with equal force  
 The stubborn hills to fight.

What grand concussion there took place,  
 Remains impressed around,  
 The awful conflict there is seen,  
 In daring marks 'tis found.

Till victory did the cause decide,  
 Bold Potomac claimed the day ;  
 Majestic on the stream doth glide,  
 And empties in the bay.

Having visited the White Sulphur Springs last summer, which may be truly called the fountain of health, I offered to the public this tribute of respect to its owner.

Come all you who thirst for the water of life,  
 Whether father, son, fair daughter or wife,  
 Come drink at this fountain, you will certainly find,  
 Relief for the body as well as the mind.  
 For the man who to day does but totter along,  
 By drinking it freely will soon become strong.  
 The wife that is loosing her beauty and charms,  
 Will return with new life to her husband's fond arms.  
 The cheek of the lass that was blooming and red,  
 Will receive here again the bright roses that fled.  
 The sweet little child, his father's dear boy,  
 Who no health from his earliest breath could enjoy,  
 Begins like the lambkin to sport and to play,  
 And chase from his mother dull sorrow away.  
 And thousands its power have had,  
 Whom the doctors have since consigned to the grave.  
 It bestows its blessings alike upon all,  
 Fits the old for their chat, and the young for the ball,  
 Where the lover may dance with the girl of his heart,  
 And Hymen shall whisper they never shall part.

It was once observed by a poet, that women were only qualified to nurse fools, and retail slander ; but he never dreamed that the matchless talents of a De Stael, lady Morgan, and Miss Edgeworth, would deck the diadem of literature with its most brilliant gems ; make the temple of the muses fit for the reception of the graces, and clothe the barren field of female authorship with the flowery and picturesque foliage of sublime sentiment and exalted feeling, flourished in graphic elegance of diction ; as refined as ever love conceived the names of these unrivalled ladies, the glory of their own sex, and the admiration of the other, will be embalmed in immortality, and retain to the latest time, their mystical influence, that will conjure up the pleasing and endearing recollections in every mind, the countless expansion and versatility of intellect, illuminated the writings of Madam De Stael and Miss Porter, have filled America with admiration. The splendid productions of Miss Edgeworth have enriched English literature with as pure and sparkling ore, as philosophy could raise out of an inexhaustible mind. There is all the various sympathies and feelings that

govern and direct the passions of humanity in the work of Lady Morgan. We find every subject arrayed in the seductive charms of sentimental sorcery, and rendered still more attractive, by the graceful drapery of flowery diction in the romantic enthusiasm of patriotism, in the passion and energy that distinguished her vindication of her country, in the magnificence of style; and for the vivid portraiture of Irish character. She is eminently superior to Miss Edgeworth. On reading her *Itala*, we were astonished by the bright effulgence of her views, the powers of her descriptions, and the philosophic musings and wrapt conceptions which pervade the pages of that celebrated work, a work which, while it fills the sceptred despot of the Valley Alliance with terror, drew forth from Lord Byron the memorable and laudable compliment, which our fair countrywomen prizes more highly than all the imperial commendations Cæsar could bestow upon their everlasting favorites. I compassionate the tasteless critic, who is not delighted with the beauty of her style, and the glowing of her sentiments, where she touches the affections and passions of the human heart. Her pages are fraught with that impassioned eloquence which impresses upon her compositions the seal of rapturous enchantment, and enlarges our ideas and sensibilities over minds, while it strengthens those bonds of philanthropy that bind us to our fellow-creatures. The power of woman in this literary age has become as potent from intellectual influence, as she was formally from personal attraction; still we grant, that even in ancient times those women who governed the hearts and understandings of men, with the most unbounded sway, owed their powers less to beauty, and the charms of youth, than to the strength of mind and cultivation of talent. A woman without elegance, personal exterior, without the polish of accomplishments, is like a flower without fragrance. Aspacia possessed neither youth nor beauty. When Socrates became her admirer, and imbibed the principles of philosophy and love, and her charms were faded; when Athens was governed by her decrees, through the medium of Princess Corinna, of whose talents we read so much, and of whose beauty we know so little, preside over the heart of Pindar, the splendid abilities of Catharine of Russia, raised her from a cottage to a throne, by the magnetism of her conversation, and the brilliancy of her accomplishments; and if we can credit the assertions of Dio, the only gallantry the voice of slander could say to the charge of Cicero, was his devoted attachment and literary correspondence with Casellia, a female philosopher of seventy. It has been acknowledged by the Emperor Napoleon, that the brilliant and gay vivacity of Josephine could chase away the gloomy spirit of care from his perturbed mind sooner than the conjugal endearments of the lovely daughter of Cæsar. A woman merely beautiful may attract; a woman polished with a mediocrity of education may please; and both united may have a transient triumph over the hearts of men, but it is sense and virtue embellished by the graces of accomplishment that fastens on the mind, and enchains the affections. If to those qualities are added animation of temper, cheerfulness of disposition, and softness of manners, the power of their possessors becomes irresistible; it is fondly acknowledged by the heart, it is ratified by the understanding, and exalts every delight the senses can bestow.

The zeal with which the cause of liberty was embraced by ladies in America during the war of the revolution, has often been mentioned with adoration and praise. One alone will forcibly illustrate the strength of their patriotic feelings. The spirited reply made by Mrs. Daniel Hall to an insolent British officer, on demanding the keys of her trunk: on inquiring what he expected to find there, his reply was, treason; to which her spirited and heroic reply was, he might save himself the trouble, for



he might find a sufficient quantity of that at her tongue's end, to confound him if he was engaged in a far more honorable cause. Had I had the misfortune to have been born and lived in those days, which were calculated to try the hearts of the sons and daughters of men, and possessed the same independent spirit, which is as strong as death, I might have left on record similar remarks.

America's a delightful country sure,  
 May thy freedom thro' all time endure,  
 May independence thro' thy wide domain,  
 Free the control of all invaders reign,  
 May nature's bloom demanding trivial toil,  
 Round thy rich landscapes of prolific soil.  
 Freedom, sweet birthright from the skies,  
 May thy sons thee as their lives still prize.  
 May no revolts with their infernal strings,  
 Be able to control thy golden wings.  
 On every side our naval forces guard  
 Our happy shores, invaders to retard.  
 How terrible by casting dread afar,  
 Our thundering cannon in the din of war,  
 Should England hope once more to try our strength,  
 They will hear our thunder before they reach our length.  
 England with war once convulsed our land,  
 Would have wrenched our dear bought purchase from our hands,  
 Hoped that beneath her galling fetters yell,  
 Yes when lines meet by running parallel.  
 To cherish hope of this as well she may,  
 Try to arrest the lightning on its way;  
 As well attempt to stop the ebbing tide,  
 To still the thunder and the planets guide.  
 Long Island, Brandywine, and Bunker's Hill,  
 Guildford and Eutaw are on record still,  
 To show what freedom's sons have undergone,  
 What freedom's sons have for their country done.  
 England, England, many a bloody scene,  
 Is charged to you on Time's long annals been;  
 By fire and sword our once distressed land,  
 Has sorely felt thy oppressing hand.  
 And sons of freedom, do your hearts give room  
 To the thought that she is more kind become?  
 A wolf and bear, though quiet in their chains,  
 A wolf and bear in nature still remains:  
 But let them loose no longer they'll suppress  
 That baneful nature which they still possess;  
 By all the horrors of vindictive rage,  
 They'll quickly in destructions work engage!  
 So England yields submission, tho' with pain,  
 Because she's bound by freedom's mighty chain—  
 The infant child she struggled with before,  
 That infant has forced her to give o'er;  
 Hath to a great and mighty giant grown,  
 Who would not dread the terror of his frown!  
 England, England, iron pens would fail,  
 Of all thy guilt to give a full detail.  
 Sons of freedom choose the soul appalling doom,  
 Ere you again to England's chains give room:  
 Like Sampson rend her galling bands,  
 And hail sweet liberty in far distant lands.

If I extol England, then my heart  
 Would, with Delilah, act a treacherous part ;  
 Who many pleasing things to Samson said,  
 And on her lap to slumber laid his head ;  
 But while he slept, by hell-bred tutors taught,  
 She his sad murderers from the chamber brought—  
 As when in camp, to rest great armies go,  
 A sentinel is placed to watch the foe.  
 Great Washington, the bravest of the brave,  
 Braced on his armor and redeemed the slave :  
 His character exempt from every shade,  
 That not one vice did tarnish or degrade ;  
 From blame exempt, from every stigma free,  
 Courteous, humane, and circumspect was he :  
 Not prose nor rhyme can higher praise his name,  
 'Tis stationed on the loftiest mount of fame.  
 Exhaustless fund of art and virtue joined  
 The noblest, bravest, wisest of mankind.  
 Now near the fount of life's exhaustless springs,  
 For other worlds he strikes the trembling strings :  
 His harp attuned with the blood ransomed throng,  
 Strikes sweet the numbers of immortal songs.  
 When shall we meet him on that blissful shore,  
 Where sorrow, grief, and mourning are no more.  
 But ere we close, we caution France to pause,  
 Nor marshal troops in an unlawful cause ;  
 Let her behold her portrait in the glass,  
 Examine well the two sides of her face ;  
 She shall behold a shaken constitution,  
 Brought by the shock of many a revolution.  
 Unhealthy picture all is fell disease,  
 In wild commotion like the troubled sea,  
 Each limb distorted, every sinew strained ;  
 And all her body exquisitely pained :  
 To war, by land, or sea France may not roam,  
 She has her wars and massacres at home.  
 Our vessels proudly on the billows ride,  
 Impelled by steam they thunder through the tide.  
 Our cars by steam along the rail-road scour,  
 The rapid speed of forty miles an hour :  
 And tho' from steam we often hear a doleful story,  
 Yet from all other arts it bears away the glory :  
 As war trained armies against the hostile foe,  
 From ponderous cannon chain-bound bullets throw—  
 Then to the charge rush with impetuous force,  
 Nor fire nor sword can stay their rapid course !  
 So on our rail-roads with resistless sway,  
 Thro' rocks and hills they force their rugged way :  
 In each deep crevice of the rocky vein,  
 They pour the nimble fire attractive bane :  
 The flash appears, the thunder claps resound,  
 The dread concussion rocks the solid ground ;  
 While showers of stones fly, casting dread afar  
 Like loud artillery in the din of war—  
 Trees and fences torn by rapid shocks,  
 Of weighty fragments from stupendous rocks ;  
 Clouds of sulphurous smoke on high ascends,  
 And loud explosions massy rocks distends.









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